

SOLDIER TURNED YEGG

SON OF RICH WOMAN ARRESTED ON BURGLARY CHARGE.

Wilson, with papers showing good service record in the Spanish War and the Philippines, caught in a dark hall after a hard fight—equipped for crime.

William Davenport, or Wilson, as the police now call him, and Joseph Martin, the two men who were locked up yesterday morning after a fierce hallway battle with three policemen, were held for trial in the afternoon in \$3,000 bail each at Jefferson Market police court on a charge of attempted burglary. The men are accused of having jimmied the street door of a building at 373 Sixth avenue.

The police learned in the course of the day that the man who called himself Davenport is William D. Wilson, son of the late Alexander D. Wilson, a well known contractor and builder who died some time ago leaving a fortune of half a million dollars. Wilson, they learned, had been living for three weeks in a furnished room at 204 West Thirty-ninth street, where his trunk containing charge papers from the army and a number of ribbons and love tokens was found.

Wilson's mother lives in an old-fashioned brownstone house at 220 West Thirty-fourth street. One of her daughters has been very ill recently and Mrs. Wilson is so broken down in health that the news of her son's arrest has been kept from her. An old servant of the house, when told that the boy was in the Tombs, said that he was a wild lad and would have to shift for himself.

From the papers found in Wilson's trunk and from the talk of the servant it was learned that Wilson went out with Company H of the Eighth Regiment at the beginning of the Spanish war and served throughout the campaign. At its close, he enlisted in an artillery regiment and went to the Philippines, where the papers show that he served with distinction.

When the police found a fifty dollar bill on Wilson at the time of his arrest he told them that the money was his allowance for the week. His story was laughed at, but investigation proved its truth and showed that Wilson was not driven to attempt burglary through need.

Policeman Dwyer of the Tenderloin had been watching the two for some time. He sent a small boy for his partner, Jim Murphy, who is new to the Tenderloin, but not to the business of handling bad men, and then dived into the dark hallway. Both men had guns. The one thing that saved Dwyer from being shot was each man's fear of shooting his pal. The cop didn't wait for them to draw a bead on his trousers.

He tackled the bigger of the two, and down they went together, all over the floor. The big man's pal held a light, but that was soon knocked out by the struggling wretches.

Dwyer was getting the upper hand when in came Murphy. The big burglar said gave them both a shove and they could handle. Detective Keenan, joining the party, counted three and that was "out" for the burglary.

In the Tenderloin station Detective Drennan, Capt. Cottrell's man Friday, who was sent to look up the prisoners' addresses, said that Davenport's name was Wilson and that he lived at 220 West Thirty-fourth street. He is 25 years old. Martin is 19 and lives at 214 West Thirty-fourth street.

In the station house revolvers were taken from both men. Wilson had a jimmy as cleverly joined as a fly rod. A second jimmy was made like the first. Wilson's glove lacked one finger to give the man's trigger finger play. A real "saggy" hand was being used in the low back of Wilson's knee. In this were \$50 in bills and a dozen cartridges.

When the prisoners were held for trial the complaint was Dr. W. P. Birkowitz, a dentist. He was a most unwilling complainant. He has an office in the building whose front door was broken open. He told the police that he had been in the door on Monday night and found it open when he returned in the morning.

"Why should I sign your paper or be troubled with your affairs?" he asked of the Magistrate. "I didn't see those men break in the door. Besides, they didn't take any of my things."

Magistrate Whitman told him all they wanted of him was to swear that he shut up the place. Dr. Birkowitz finally did so, declining, however, to "cease troubling." In spite of all the jimmy, pistol and revolver equipment, the prisoners' pictures are not in the rogues' gallery. The police think that this was their first adventure. They took their arrest coolly.

"I'm sick of the whole thing," exclaimed Wilson. "I wish they'd stand me up and shoot me dead and be done with it."

CHURCH AND LABOR FOLK DINE.
President Eliot and the Supreme Court Haunted Over the Coals.

The Church Association for the Advancement of the Interests of Labor—their call it "Call"—had its annual supper at the Tudor City Hotel, at the corner of the Long Island City Cathedral, the Rev. J. Clay Morin of Lancaster, Pa., Miss Margaret Dreier, president of the New York State Woman's Trade Union League; the Rev. Newton Perkins and Miss Harriette A. Keyser, secretary of the association.

A letter of regret from Bishop Potter was read, and then Dr. Sullivan called upon Archbishop Nelson, who made a few remarks warmly commendatory of "Call." The archbishop said the association had the longest name of any society in New York and that it worthily lived up to every letter, every syllable and every word of the name. Miss Keyser paid her respects to the Supreme Court of the United States and to President Eliot of Harvard University in the course of her short but spirited address. "Call worked for years," she said, "to get the working hours of those bakers reduced and at last we got the law through prohibiting employers from making bakers work more than ten hours a day. Then the Supreme Court of the United States, by a vote of 5 to 4, ruled that that law was unconstitutional. Well, what is unconstitutional, to be sure, is unconstitutional tomorrow. We are not going to stop there with those bakers. We are not going to stop until their working day is reduced to eight hours instead of ten."

John Mitchell and Samuel Gompers are being criticized a good deal because they sat down to dinner with a certain college president. "Needn't mention his name. He is heard from often enough. I say if John Mitchell and Samuel Gompers want to sit down to dinner with any college president, let them. What harm is there in it? If your enemy is a hunger he gives him something to eat."

But that college president has taken a new tack. From wanting to abolish trades unions he has gone on until he wants to abolish organizations of capital. I am afraid if he keeps on he will want to abolish all of us—capitalists and trades unionists and all.

Dr. Courtney, Miss Dreier, Miss Daly of the Overseas Makers' Union, Thomas G. Gibbons, acting president of the Upward Dry Goods Traders' Association, and a number of other made speeches, and Miss Keyser reminded all that the third annual convention of "Call" will be held in St. Paul's parish house, 126 Tremont street, Boston, May 8 and 9.

Rainier

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We want to demonstrate PRACTICALLY what the terms lightness, simple construction, easy control and noiseless mean when applied to the Rainier.

Guaranteed free of repairs for one year. Price \$3,500, with full equipments.

THE RAINIER COMPANY
Salesroom and Garage
Broadway & 50th Street, New York
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KAISER'S AIM IN MOROCCO

Only to Protect German Trade Interests, Says Chancellor Von Buelow.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

PARIS, May 2.—A representative of the *Gazette* interviewed Chancellor von Buelow in Berlin to-day. The Chancellor said: The Emperor's visit to Tangier must not be considered an act of hostility toward France. The German trade with Morocco is becoming more extensive every day, and it was only legitimate anxiety on the part of the Emperor to safeguard the interests of his subjects that led him to undertake his cruise in the Mediterranean. Germany was not taking any unfair advantage. She desires above all the continuance of the fruitful peace which Europe at present enjoys. She is struggling in the economic field to conquer and to hold the place in the world to which she is entitled. She would not think it strange for France to safeguard her frontier when troubles broke out in Morocco, and she has had no other thought than to protect her commercial interests.

"Germany," the Chancellor continued, "should struggle only in the economic field. America, Asia and Africa offer to European nations an admirable field for experiments upon and the solution of the social problem which go with common needs, and they ought to be worked out there in peace, if we do not wish to destroy in a few months a structure which has cost so much time and patience to build. The surest and wisest way of obtaining predominance for German civilization is to procure outlets for her commerce and industry."

In contrast with the nineteenth century the present epoch will be an epoch of civilization. The twentieth century will not mark the prosperity of one nation only, but will be the first century of humanity. That is to say, the human race will one day reap the first benefits of a true civilization common to all the peoples of the earth."

PARIS, May 2.—Count von Tattenbalk, the German Minister, and the German mission left for Fez to-day.

WANTS ARGENTINE NAVY.

President Quintana Recommends That One Be Built.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

Buenos Aires, May 2.—In a message to the Congress President Quintana recommends the Chambers to adopt measures to increase the fleet within the limits of the budget. He says: "Although no danger threatens us, we must maintain a predominant position in South America. To that end Argentina must be a naval power."

India's Many Plague Victims.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, May 2.—The *Lancet* says: "The record of over 53,896 deaths from plague throughout India, as shown by the official returns for the week ended March 26, an increase of 11,807 over the previous week, forms a lamentable sequel to the let-almost policy formulated by the Government of India. Deaths to the number of 20,501 occurred in the United Provinces, 18,778 in the Punjab, 8,630 in Bengal, 2,548 in the Bombay districts, 968 in Rajputana, 618 in the city of Bombay, 750 in Calcutta and 65 in Rangoon."

"WALL STREET" SAID SUICIDE

No Confirmation of a Report That Young Used Trust Funds.

MOUNT VERNON, May 2.—The suicide of Christian Young, Jr., a speculator in stocks, who shot himself in a cab here Monday night, when he found he was ruined, has provoked a "wall street" which is under the care of a physician. Captain Louis Levine, in whose cab Young killed himself, says he met Young when the 9 P. M. train on the New Haven railroad arrived at the Mount Vernon station. "Hey, there, cabby," said Young, "just drive me around for a while; go around Chester Hill. Go anywhere. I want to meet a friend on the 10 o'clock train. Drive anywhere you please." Levine thought the man acted strangely, as there was a glimmer in his eyes, and he "snapped his teeth as he spoke," but he started to drive his fare around town.

At the corner of North Fulton and Princeton avenue not far from the former residence of Cornelius Alvord, Young told the driver to take him to a place where he would find a policeman. Young then almost in front of Police Station 10, he heard a shot in the cab and jumping from his box opened the door and found Young lying on the ground, a revolver in his hand. Police Station 10, where Young was still alive, and he said to him: "Why did you shoot yourself?"

"I was dying," said the dying man, said, and then he lapsed into unconsciousness. He died before the hospital was reached. As the body was removed a dollar bill, a fifty-cent piece and a silver paper fell from the cab to the ground. Scattered on the paper were the following words: "The cabman's fare."

Young lived in a city house, 23 South Terrace avenue, Mount Vernon, with his wife and thirteen-year-old daughter. Although a speculator, he was an intensely religious man, a regular attendant at the Mount Vernon Lutheran Church and an intimate friend of the pastor, the Rev. Emil Burz.

"H. Sobel, a personal friend of Young, says he noticed that Young had a worried look for several days and he asked him if he wanted any more money. He lent him a few thousand, but Young said he expected the market to come around all right. In addition to losing his own money in Wall Street, he was reported to-day to have lost the money of a friend, a trust fund. He was trustee of the estate of T. B. Graham, and had an account of some \$50,000 in the Fifth Avenue Trust Company. Mr. Sobel was asked if the report of Mr. Young being short in the trust funds was true, and he replied: "All I will say is that the statement that he speculated with the trust funds is a pure lie. That is all I will say."

FOUR LOST IN ICE PACK.

Military Asked to Help Men Blown Off Shore in Boat From Nome.

WASHINGTON, May 2.—In response to an appeal by cable from Nome, Alaska, the Acting Secretary of the Treasury has asked the War Department to extend such relief as is possible to four men who were blown off shore in a boat from Nome and who are lost in the ice pack in Bering Sea. There is no life-saving station at Nome, although the coast is extremely dangerous. The military authorities at Fort Davis, near Nome, have been instructed to take such measures as may be found practicable to save the four men.

EVA SEARCHED FOR HER AUNT

MISSING CHILD TURNS UP IN HALEM, ILL. AND HUNGRY.

Wandered From Concord, Staten Island, to South Brooklyn's Wild Spree Nights Under Pastory Steps (Where Were the Cops?)—Absolutely Kept Dime

Eva Anderson, the eleven-year-old girl who ran away from her home in Concord, Staten Island, last Saturday afternoon to find her "Aunt Mamie, across the water," found her Monday evening. She wandered into the outskirts of Brooklyn and slept two nights in the open air before reaching her destination, the home of Mrs. Jesse D. Anderson, at 305 West 118th street, Manhattan.

Eva is the oldest daughter of Gilbert Anderson, an S. P. C. A. agent of Staten Island. Her mother died when she was a month old, so she was turned over to her father's sisters to be brought up. She liked them all, but she cared most for her "Aunt Mamie," who was the wife of Jesse D. Anderson, her uncle. She lived with her until her father took her away to Staten Island to live. He had married again and there were stepbrothers and sisters for Eva to play with.

That was three years ago. Eva, who was a stout girl for her age, helped with the dishes in her father's kitchen, and in the care of the Anderson babies, who increased to four. During the three years she was never taken to New York to see her "Aunt Mamie," who had been so good to her, or to another Aunt Mamie, at whose house in Cornelia street, Brooklyn, she had often been.

Last Saturday afternoon the babies and the dishes and the fields of Staten Island came too monotonous for Eva. She quietly went up stairs and put on the plaid dress, blue jacket and red hat which she had hidden away in her trunk. She told her six-year-old brother Gilbert that she was "going to Aunt Mamie's," and he said he would go with her. Besides the 25 cent piece from her toy bank, she determined to look for her Brooklyn "Aunt Mamie" first.

By car and ferry the little girl reached the Battery. Then she took the Thirty-ninth street ferry, because she "thought it was the right one." She tried to get into a car, as she says, till she "thought it was about time to get off."

But she couldn't find her aunt's house, nor could she when she had taken another car. When she got off the second time it was dark and she didn't know where to sleep. She sat on the steps of a big red factory until it was dark and she was crept under them. The wind blew, it was very cold and she didn't want to sleep. All the next day she spent watching some boys play in a field near by and others rowing on the water. She discovered that she was near the ferry again, and determined to go to New York to seek her Aunt Mamie. But there were so few people about that she thought the boat didn't run on Sunday, so she went back under the steps that night and hid there again.

All day she had resisted the temptation to buy cookies and candy in the shops and had clung to the ten remaining pennies that must take her to her New York Aunt Mamie.

Monday morning, she crept out from under the factory steps and took the first ferry to the city. She tried to get into a car, as she says, till she "thought it was about time to get off."

Then she wandered about until she reached the house in West 118th street, where she had been living for three years ago. A neighbor told her that Mrs. Anderson had moved to the next street in the same block. So Eva went to the next street, and on 118th street between Columbus and Manhattan avenues until she found her aunt's name. Then she went to the stairs until finally she reached her Aunt Mamie's arms.

Mrs. Anderson found the child suffering from a heavy cold, but she had nothing to eat since Saturday. Her father was promptly notified of her arrival and after Eva had staid a few days in New York and visited her aunt's home she was taken to her home in Concord to Concord and playing "little mother" again.

WOOTEN PUT IN THE TOMBS.

A Long Time Holding \$1,000 Fresh Bail After His Indictment.

One thousand dollars bail, secured on real estate in this county or deposited in cash, was more than Lawyer John W. Wooten had found yesterday up to 6 o'clock P. M., and he went to the Tombs. He had just before 10 o'clock P. M. his friends having found a bondman and got Judge Cowing to accept the bond uptown.

Wooten was indicted yesterday on the charge he was arrested on on Monday night, the larceny of \$1,000 entrusted to him to pay the premium on the bond given for his client, David Rothchild, an administrator of the Weiss estate, which Rothchild looted.

First he was arraigned before Justice Wyatt in Special Sessions, where he was represented by Abraham S. Gilbert, a law partner of Julius M. Mayer, the Attorney-General. Lawyer Gilbert secured a postponement of the examination until to-day, and the \$1,000 bail given on Monday night by Frank H. Platt was continued.

At 3:30 P. M. Wooten was rearrested at 132 Nassau street, having been indicted on the same charge. On the indictment bill could be taken only by a Justice of General Sessions or a Supreme Court Justice. Wooten was apparently deserted by his friends. The only persons that answered his many hurried calls were a few boys. Even Lawyer Gilbert was somewhere else. There was no General Sessions Justice in the building except Recorder Reardon, and it was not until 10 o'clock that the Patterson case and retired to his chambers that Wooten got before a Judge. The Recorder fixed bail at \$1,000, but Mr. Platt's bond could not do because it was secured on property in Hamilton county.

Wooten sent his group of small boys scurrying in all directions, but no bondman could be found. He went home, and there was nothing for Detective Reardon to do but to lead his prisoner across the Bridge of Signs. After his arraignment before Justice Cowing, he was as he was leaving the building, Wooten made this statement:

"My arrest is an outrage. The charge against me is wholly untrue. I am under strict legal instructions not to talk at this time. I have a lot of money to say, but I am not going to say anything until permitted to do so by my counsel."

The papers that Detective Reardon seized at Wooten's home are still in the possession of Assistant District Attorney Kreehl.

CAR CRASHED INTO COFFINS.

Bronx Grade and Curve Combination to Blame—Passenger Car Shot Wrecked.

An eastbound West Farms trolley car got beyond the motorman's control while descending the steep grade on the West Farms road near Green lane last night and approached the curve at that point at such a high rate of speed that it left the tracks and crashed into an undertaking shop on the corner. The car nearly demolished the building, smashing in the roof and windows, and creating a panic among the horses in a stable in the rear.

The motorman, George Mason, jumped as his car left the tracks and was badly hurt about the head. The two passengers, Joseph Lindely and William Moffett, a policeman, both of West Chester, were out by flying glass. An ambulance was sent from Fordham Hospital to care for the injured, who went home after their wounds were dressed. At a late hour a wrecking crew was still making ineffectual efforts to dislodge the car from the undertaker's shop.

A similar accident occurred at the same place three weeks ago and the undertaker's place had only recently been repaired.

ESTERBROOK'S Steel Pens

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ESTERBROOK'S Steel Pens

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The Best Pens Made

MAYBE IT'S JOHNNY DONAHUE.

BODY OF RED HAIR BOY FOUND IN NORTH RIVER.

Three Parents Claimed It, But Mrs. Donahue Is Sure It's Her Son, Who Was Said to Have Been Carried Away in the Locked Car of a Freight Train.

Whether the body of a boy found in the North River at the foot of Fifty-fifth street yesterday afternoon is that of Johnny Donahue, last seen in a freight car several weeks ago; of Willie Chalmers, who fell from a dock two weeks ago, or of a lad named O'Donnell who disappeared about three weeks ago and was supposed to have fallen in at the foot of Fifty-fifth street, is in dispute. Every one of three parents, however, was quite certain for some time yesterday that it was the body of his or her son.

The three parents were Mrs. Edith Donahue of 785 Eleventh avenue, early yesterday afternoon. Probably it had been brought to the surface by blasting along the river bank three blocks farther down. It had been long in the river.

Policeman Banks tied the body to the dock and it was there four hours, pending the arrival of a permit from the Coroner for its removal. Meanwhile Mrs. Donahue, Mrs. Chalmers and O'Donnell, notified of the discovery, hastened to the spot and they were soon reinforced by a crowd that numbered 2,000. Until the policeman forbade it, they kept turning the body over in the water in the hope that some one of the boys who knew of the boy's disappearance would be able to find some mark of identification.

Mrs. Donahue and Mrs. Chalmers followed the body to the morgue and renewed their efforts at identification with no marked success. They were still there last night, each inclined to think that it was her boy.

Johnny Donahue has been missing five weeks. His father, James Donahue, a pianist at the Manhattan Hotel—couldn't attend Modjeska Benefit.

Ignace Padewski, the pianist, arrived in this city from Boston early yesterday morning and went at once to the Manhattan Hotel. He was too ill to appear yesterday afternoon at the Modjeska benefit.

If he is able he will sail on the Oceanic on May 10 and go at once to his summer home in Switzerland.

His physician, Dr. Francis E. Fronczak, made this statement yesterday: "In answer to many queries regarding Mr. Padewski's condition, I will say that he is improving, although quite nervous and in need of rest after the fatiguing journey from Boston. Mr. Padewski must take rest for some time."

MEMORIAL TO MRS. GILBERT.

Window to Be Placed in Bloomingdale Church by One Committee.

The first meeting of the committee on the matter of the memorial to the late Mrs. Gilbert, in which the profession and the members of the Bloomingdale Church are interested, was held at the office of Daniel Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre yesterday.

It was decided that the tribute should take the form of a memorial window. This committee, of which Reid Moore, president of the New Amsterdam Bank, and Daniel Frohman are members, is concerned in the plan to erect a statue of the actress.

GOLF.

Stock and Produce Brokers to Play at Knollwood.

The ninth annual handicap tournament of the New York Stock Exchange Golf Club will be held at the Knollwood Country Club at Knollwood, N. Y., to-day. It will include C. B. Macdonald, Daniel Chauncey, A. L. Norris, W. S. Edey, L. S. Kerr, T. H. Powers Farr and many more. There will be prizes for the first, second and third best net scores.

The entries close with Richard King at 4 P. M. on Thursday. Brokers in wheat and corn will also hold a golf tournament at Knollwood, for the Produce Exchange Golf Club has selected Thursday, May 18, for its spring handicap race.

Twenty-eight clubs of the New Jersey Golf Association are scheduled to play at the Knollwood Country Club on Saturday, May 1. Leighton Calkins is chairman, leaving seven defaulters on the scheduled time of May 1. The clubs are the Country Club of the Atlantic City, Ardsley Golf Club, Colonia Country Club, Erwin Park Golf Club, Newark Club, Ridgeview Golf Club and the New England Intercollegiate League. The score was: Country Club—C. B. Zimmerman, 6; B. H. White, 2; C. W. Shepard, 3; M. H. Martin, 1; E. Parmelee, 1; L. Lyon, 6; W. A. Rice, 6; Total, 7. Ardsley—E. P. Phillips, 1; W. E. Cline, Jr., 1; R. D. Cutler, 6; C. T. Truesdale, 6; J. W. Knott, 6; W. E. Marcus, 1; H. F. Swartz, 1; Total, 6.

The first of a series of one day tournaments for the members of the Boston Women's Golf Association was held to-day at the Concord Golf Club. There will be similar tournaments each week until midsummer. The first prize is a gold cup, an innovation to be tried for the first time. The Women's Golf Association of Boston is a new organization. It was organized in 1904 and has since that time been growing and slowly a method of lifting up the field.

Yale will play at the Hartford Golf Club on Saturday, May 6, at 8 o'clock. It was the first team match of the season on the course and also for the champions of the New England Intercollegiate League. The score was: Hartford—F. Whitmore, 6; R. H. Hovey, 6; B. W. Cutler, 6; R. H. Hovey, 6; R. H. Hovey, 6; R. H. Hovey, 6; Total, 8. Yale—C. W. Shepard, 3; M. H. Martin, 1; E. Parmelee, 1; L. Lyon, 6; W. A. Rice, 6; Total, 7.

Arnold W. Brunner, the outgoing president, was elected delegate to the Fine Arts Federation, which is a sort of Chiltern House for the champions of the New England Intercollegiate League. His alternate is Frank E. Wallis.

DON'T SHORTEN SCHOOL HOURS.

Almost Unanimous Voice of Meeting at Hall of Education.

Commissioner Abraham Stern's proposal to shorten the school day for pupils of the first year in the public schools from 5 hours to 3½ hours was discussed in mass meeting in the assembly room of the Board of Education last night.

There were present representatives from the Neighborhood Workers, the Women's Principal Association, the Normal College Alumni Association, the Public Education Society, the West End Taxpayers' Association, the East Side Civic Club and the Y. M. C. A. The meeting was held in the hall of the Board of Education.

Only one voice, that of Mrs. Mary Magnus, favored shortening the hours.

"LARAN" A New ARROW

QUARTER SIZE, 160, EACH 1 FOR \$50. OLIVETT, PEABODY & CO.

MAKERS OF GUNTS AND BOWLING SHOTS

A similar accident occurred at the same place three weeks ago and the undertaker's place had only recently been repaired.

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Well Dressed Gentlemen

Should not forget that at our store they can purchase footwear as fine as private bootmakers can produce; and that we can fit their feet better, as we have all sizes and widths, and can even please them better, as we have boots and shoes in all leathers and kids and in all styles and forms. Prices from \$5.00 to \$9.00.

THE TRUSS ARCH SHANK SHOE

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The steel arch under the instep keeps the foot in place and prevents the shoe from spreading out of shape. Its style and grace are thus preserved and last as long as the shoe lasts. TAN and BLACK, HIGH AND LOW CUT.

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Many men prefer comfort above all things in a shoe. After comfort then style.

OUR U-CAN-B-E-Z

(You can be easy)

\$5.00 Shoe for Men

Meets just this preference. It was designed specially for the greatest degree of comfort and then the style followed.

High and Low Cut. Tan and Black.

Cammeyer's Shoe Specialties for Men

TOURIST SHOES, STEAMER SHOES, TENNIS SHOES, SPIKE RUNNING SHOES, GYMNASIUM SHOES, GOLF SHOES, WATERS' SHOES, PATENT GOUT SHOES FOR MEN.

ALFRED J. CAMMEYER, 6th Avenue, Corner 20th St.

PADREWSKI HERE.

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DIDN'T PAY HIS ACTORS.

William C. Boyd Goes Bankrupt Owing \$13,075 for Salaries.

William C. Boyd, theatrical manager, residing at the Marlborough Hotel, has filed a petition in bankruptcy individually and as a partner in the firm of D. A